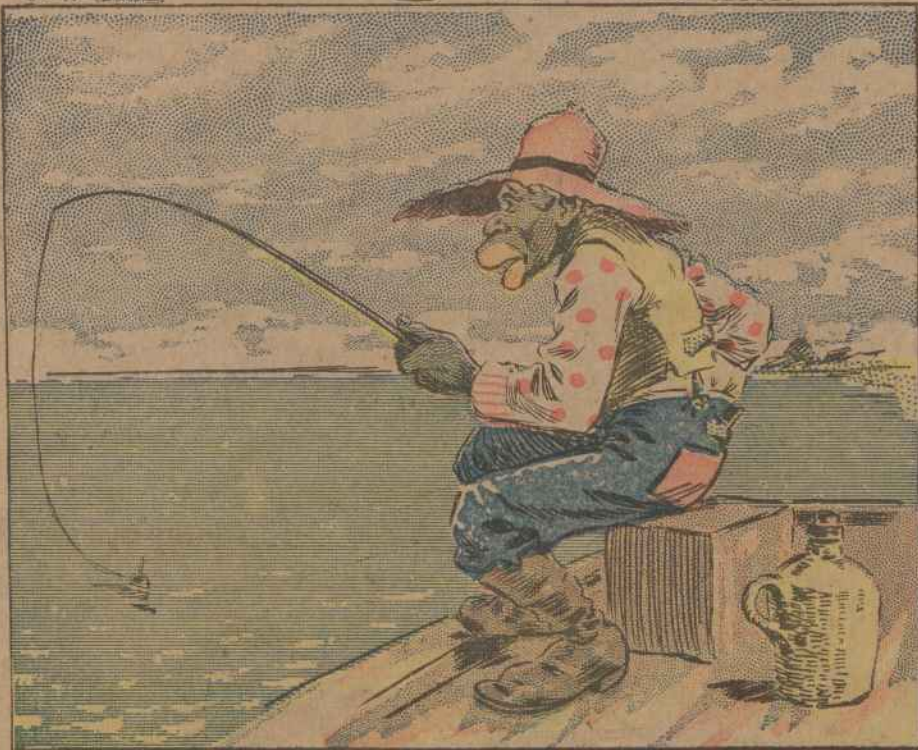
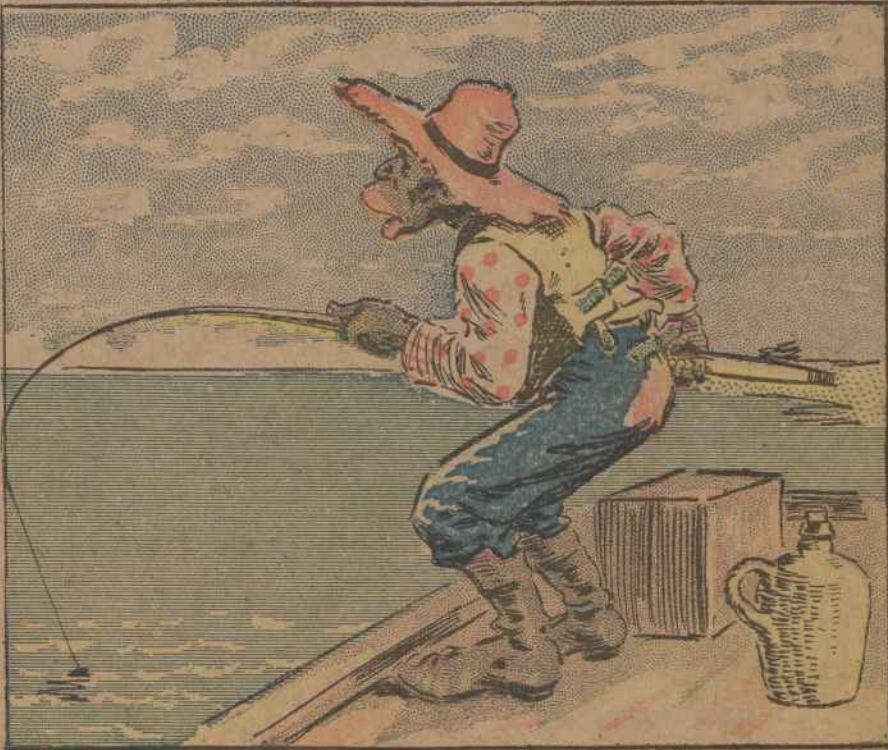


# WAY UNCLE PHARAIM SIGNED THE



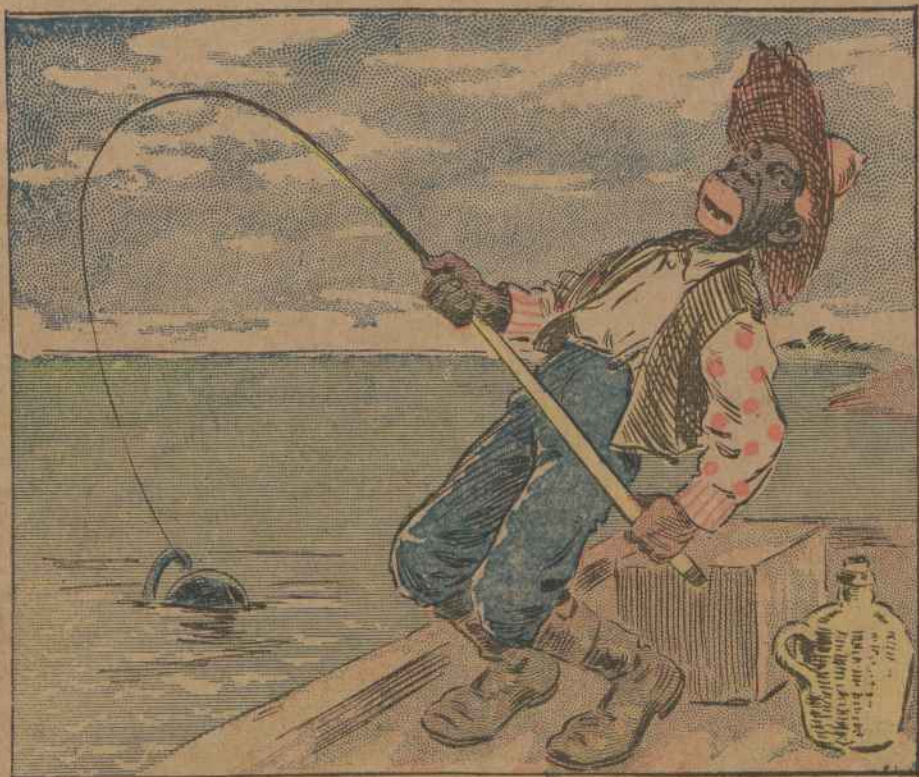
1. "Aint hed a 'spicion uv a bite!"



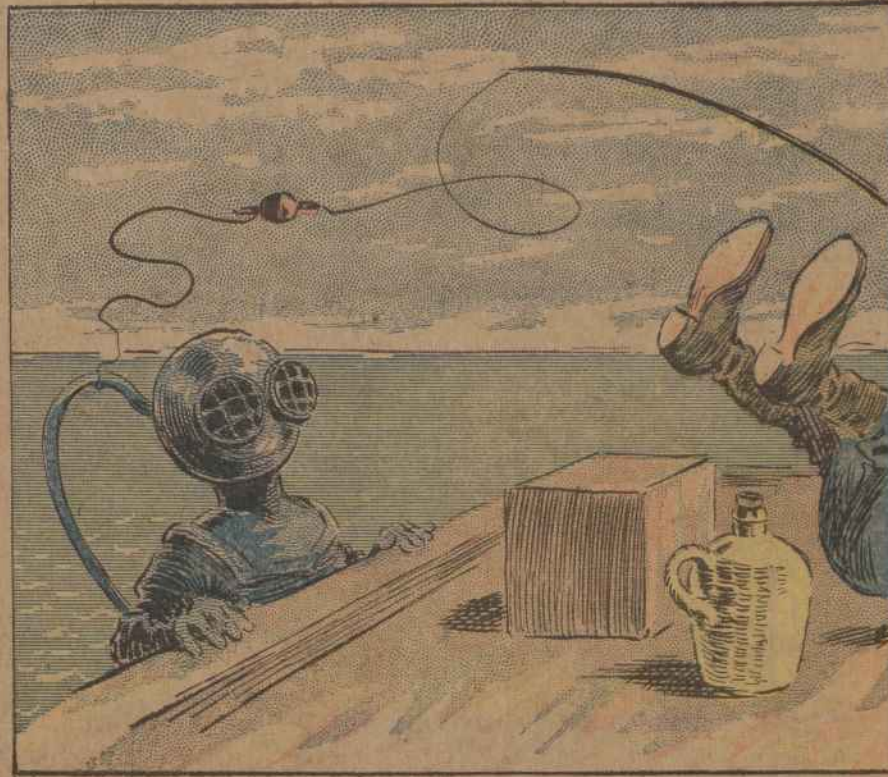
2. "Hi, dey's sumpin' on dar!"



3. "Guess



4. "Lordy, but it's heavy!"



5. "Wha'-wha's dat?"



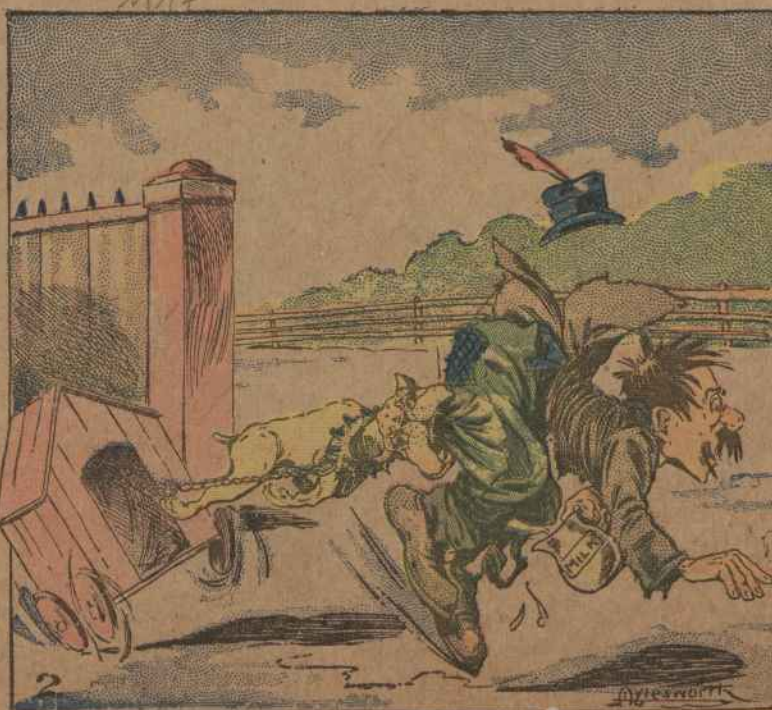
6. The Diver: "Well, t

## AN EXCEPTION.

MR. CUMSO—You can't eat your cake and have it.  
MR. CAWKER—That principle is all right as to eating, but it does not hold when it comes to drinking.  
MR. CUMSO—Why not?  
MR. CAWKER—Your health can be drunk and still be kept.



1. TRAMP—I'm out of yez reach, but this milk is not out of mine!



2. But there's where he made a bl

## The Road Agent's Repulse.

She was a buxom, red-cheeked and rather comely schoolma'am, who would never see thirty again, and when she entered the Wingdam coach the male passengers shifted uneasily and stared at her with interest. She seemed very shy and embarrassed at first, and tightly gripped in her hands the large cotton umbrella she carried.

Broncho Bill, a stalwart miner, who was minus the usual complement of ears, silently voted her a "daisy." Judge Shister, who dispensed justice and red-eye in the back room of the Wingdam Hotel, mentally vowed that she should become the fourth Mrs. Shister as soon as he could scrape an acquaintance, and Willie Sigret, a pallid, undeveloped young tenderfoot whose guns did not fit him, was in love in four seconds.

"I beg pardon, miss," he said, lifting his hat with his old-time Eastern grace. "You are the new Wingdam schoolma'am, I suppose?"

"I am," she replied stiffly.

"Glad to hear it," he continued gallantly. "Wingdam will be delighted to see you. The ride through the hills is rather dangerous, owing to the numerous road agents that infest this country, but you need have no fear. I'll see that you get into Wingdam all right if this revolver holds out."

She thanked him with blushes, then gripped her green cotton umbrella tighter and looked out of the window to avoid the male passengers' concentrated gaze.

When a lone highwayman held up the coach half an hour later every man inside and outside threw up his hands without a murmur or endeavored to burrow into the floor of the coach. The little schoolma'am, however, leaped to the ground in a moment, and still gripping her big umbrella, walked straight up to the lone road agent.

"Go away!" she cried, "go away, you mean thing!" and before he had recovered from his surprise she whacked him over the head with the umbrella and made him see stars. He threatened her with his pistols, but she seemed absolutely fearless, and as he had not been accustomed to shooting women, he was compelled to back away to escape the shower of blows she aimed at his head. She uppercut him with the umbrella, she jabbed him with the umbrella, she whacked him with the umbrella, and in less than ten seconds he turned and fled into the brush as if Satan himself were behind him.

When the little schoolma'am stepped back into the coach she stumbled over Willie Sigret, who was industriously hugging the floor. Catching him by the collar, she yanked him to his feet, picked up his hat and pushed him into his old seat beside her.

"Have no fear, Willie," she cried. "I'll see that you get into Wingdam all right if this umbrella holds out!"

## A Collector's Trials.

CLERK—How did you succeed with that bill against that street car conductor?

COLLECTOR—I got tired of seeing him at his house, so to-day I got on his car and demanded payment.

CLERK—What did he do?

COLLECTOR—Just what he's been doing all along—put me off.

## Undeceived.

The angry cat struck a defiant attitude.

"Aw, commawf," snarled the cat.

ously. "You can't

rode a wh

## Not His Day.

"Whoop! Whoop-ee!" he shouted as he rode into the town of Pizen Hill one day and started a stampede of people. "Whoop! Whoop-ee!" he continued, as he halted before an insignificant looking little man who was whittling a stick in front of the Red Dog Saloon—the only man to stand his ground when the terror made his appearance—

"I'm the human avalanche from Snake Hill, and it's my day fur wipin' hull towns off'n the airth!"

"Glad to meet ye, pard," was the calm reply of the little fellow, as he whittled away vigorously.

"Waugh! but h'ar him talk!" roared the other in a voice that seemed to shake every building in town. "H'ar the fule speak o' bein' glad to meet ole sure death! Why, cyclones dasn't meet me in a fa'r fout, and mountains tremble when they see me comin'!"

"What fur?" was asked.

"What fur! Why, ye durned idjet ye, 'cause they know I deal in death, and death only!"

"Ar it a payin' bizness?"

"Ar it a payin' bizness?" echoed the awful voice.

"Whoop! but why don't some one remove this child from my path afore I swaller him hull! Why don't!"

"Look a-yere!" interrupted the quiet man, as he turned red in the face and walked straight up to the big fellow. "I'm a leetle critter, I know, but when folks git to callin' me a baby my dander allus takes a riz, and I kin lick a few mountains myself!"

"Woof! Bring on yer cyclones! Bring on yer dens o' grizzly b'ars! Bring on yer armies o' fighters and watch the human avalanche chaw 'em up in a bunch! Whoop! but I'm liable to sneeze any minit and blow this infant and his hull town clean out o' the State o' Texas!"

"Git right down off'n that hoss and git licked!" shouted the little man, as he began removing his coat in a businesslike way, but the other only glared at him and went on:

"Waugh! but I've gotter begin my daily massacerin' on a midget, and!"

He stopped suddenly and softly inquired, as a look of perplexity came over his face:

"Say, ar to-day Saturday or Sunday?"

"It's Sunday, but I'll lick ye jest the same."

"What! Ar it Sunday? Wall, how could I hev made sich a mistake? My days fur slaughterin', ye know, ar' only week days, and!"

The other reached for him, but he saw the movement and put spurs to his horse and got away, while the little man looked longingly after him with tears in his eyes and muttered:

"Jest my durned luck! He was the fust feller who ever sassed me that I was sure I could lick, and he was afeared to fight! Jest my durned luck, I'm durned if it haint!"

## A Subtle Germ.

There lurks a dire infection in the kiss,  
And I know of no protection,  
Antidote nor sure correction  
That will serve in a connection such as this.

For the ger n that dwells discreetly on t

Co

ffer itself so neatly

aps that tempt you sweetly

w it you're completely in its

is all diseases far

nor nothin

MAGISTRATE—Y  
the ralling at the flow  
What have you to say for  
FIERCE LOOKING P  
"handle with care." I us



1. CITY FRIEND—You don't suppose burglars away, do you?

